

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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What Woman's Suffrage Has Done For Wyoming.

The managing editor of a Boston paper, is getting material together relative to the practical workings of Woman's Suffrage, and as Wyoming is at present working a scheme of that kind, he wants an answer to the following questions:

- 1 Has it been of real benefit to the Territory?
- 2 If so, what has it accomplished?
- 3 How does it affect education, morals, courts, etc.?
- 4 What proportion of the women vote?

ANSWERS.

1 Yes, it has indeed been of real benefit to the Territory in many ways. Until woman's suffrage came among us, life was a drag—a monotonous sameness, and simultaneous continuousness. Now it is not that way. Woman comes forward with her ballot, and puts new life into the flagging energies of the great political circles. She purifies the political atmosphere, and comes to the polls with her suffrage done up in a little bag, and rammed down into her glove, and redeems the country.

2 It has accomplished more than the great outside world works of. Philosophers and statesmen may think that they wot; but they don't. Not a wot.

To others outside of Wyoming, woman's suffrage is a mellow dream; but here it is a continuous, mellow, yielding reality. We know what we are talking about. We are acquainted with a lady who came here with the light of immortality shining in her eye, and the music of the spheres was singing in her ears. She was apparently on her last limbs, if we may be allowed that expression. But woman's suffrage came to her with healing on its wings, and the rose of health again bloomed on her cheek, and her appetite came back like the famine in Ireland. Now she wrestles with the cast-iron majolica ware of the kitchen during the day, and in the evening works a cross-eyed elephant on a burlap tic, and talks about the remonetization of the currency.

Without attempting to answer the last two questions in a short article like this, we will simply give a few certificates and testimonials of those who have tied it:

Prairie-Dog Ranche,
Jan. 3, 1880.

"DEAR SIR: It takes great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of woman's suffrage. It is indeed a boon to thousands. I was trounded in the east beyond measure with an ingrowing nail on the most extensive toe. It caused me great pain and annoyance. I was compelled to do any work wearing an old gum overshoe of my husband's. Since using woman's suffrage only a few months, my toe is entirely well, and I now wear my husband's fine boots with perfect ease. As a remedy for ingrowing nails I can safely recommend the woman's suffrage.

Sassafras Oleson,
Miner's Delight, Jan 53, 1880.

"DEAR SIR: Two year ago my wife fell down into an old cellar and dross her varyloid through the Sarah bellum. I tho she was a Goncer. I woz then livin' in the sou west portion of Injeanny. I moved to where I now am leaving several onsettled accounts where I lived. But I wood do almost anything to recover mi waifs helth. She tried Woman's Suffrins and can now lick me with a hand tied behind her. io everything to the free yuse of the femal ballot. So good bi, at Present.

Union Forever McGillin.
Rawhide, Feb. 2, 1880.

DEAR, SIR: I came to Wyoming one year ago to-day. At that time I only weighed 123 pounds, and felt all the time is thought I might die. I was a walking skeleton. Coyotes followed me when I went away from the house. My husband told me to try Woman's Suffrage. I did so. I have now run up to my old weight

of 213 pounds, and I feel that with the proper care and rest, and rich wholesome diet, I may be spared to my husband and family till next spring.

I am now joyful and happy. I go about my work all day singing Old Zip Coon and other plaintive melodies. After using Woman's Suffrage two days I sat up in a rocking chair and ate one and three-fourths mince pies. Then I worried down a sugar-cured ham and have been gaining ever since.

Ah! it is a pleasant thing to come back to life and its joys again. Yours truly, Ethel Lillian Kerkakes."

Notes by the Way.

July 31st it was my pleasant privilege to begin an outing to Huntersville and Knapps Creek to fill the ministerial appointments for Pastor Nickell.

E. F. McLaughlin helped along very much by placing at our service his long tried family nag, Mobile which was accounted by Pastor Nickell's, notable saddle and bridle. While passing from Marlinton to Huntersville, it but rarely happened, that I was out of sight of any person so numerous were the vehicles, lumber teams, equestrians, pedestrians or cyclists to be met.

Oliver McKeever was among the cyclists, at the top of his speed to reach Marlinton to avoid the threatening rain as he was wheeling one way and the clouds seemed moving just the opposite his prospects for getting wet were just about a safe thing, but as he would make the spin from Huntersville to Marlinton in about thirty minutes or thereabouts, he would not be out of the dry very long even if he did meet the rain.

Upon coming to the "Jake Place" and while near the spot where a big rattle snake attacked two young men in a buggy a week or so since, I confronted Joe Buzzard and two or three helpers cutting brush for all it was worth. If that noted official reverses the taxes as much as he piles brush, he is bound to hear something pleasant between now and mid-winter. He took time however to give me a piece of his mind in stenoarrian tones to the effect, that he thought I had better be getting out of the rain, by stopping in at his house, not far ahead, as I saw it at the time this was not practicable for the time being. I might interfere with other arrangements in view.

This incident however along with hundreds of others in the course of my life convinces me that afterthoughts are more to the purpose than foresights, as to how our plans turn out, when materialized.

About noon I reached the home of the Hon. Wm. Curry, where it was understood for sometime previously I was to stay until notified when to leave.

In a few minutes after my arrival two ladies from Knapps Creek, Mrs. Peyton Moore and Miss Lucy May Moore drove up, and in less than ten minutes after her arrival Mrs. Moore was at work preparing dinner much to the pleasure of Sherman Curry and J. H. Doyle, who have been managing the cook room on bachelor principles for some weeks.

While Mrs. Moore and Lucy May are proficient in culinary affairs and housekeeping, they will have to hustle, if they keep ahead of Sherman and Jimmie as I found out after they had returned home the next morning.

For various reasons I found it impracticable to reach Sunset and I sent word by the visitors to notify the Westminster congregation not to expect services Sunday morning. Arrangements were thereupon made for a morning service at the Huntersville church, a place that fills a very large space in the religious history of my humble life.

It would take about one year to print all that might come to mind suggested by that Huntersville congregation and its interesting surroundings, while not one of the Christian workers now remain that were here in 1847, still the work goes on under auspices far more promising and favorable than anything in evidence, fifty-eight years since.

On a July Sunday 58 years ago the village physician if at home would be most likely seen on the Tavern porch. In 1905 the town doctor if not away, is to be found as superintendent of the Sabbath school.

Quite a number of other contrasts could be made, were it needful to do so, all tending to inspire encouraging anticipations and convince us that though God's workers may die or be scattered abroad the work goes on, wherever there are enough of people to be found

and pray for his blessing upon themselves and others, and show their faith by their religious endeavors.

An audience such as any minister might feel it no ordinary privilege to meet in worship, was present, the attention was better than the service deserved, and the manifestation of interest was truly uplifting to an old preacher whose setting sun is sinking fast and whose course so long run amid these mountains, will soon be done.

He even felt complimented by the drowsiness manifested in two or three instances, as a token that his preaching was deemed particularly safe and did not need watching. The humid and oppressive heat would put in its work, even with those whose minds were willing to hear and learn.

Time would fail to speak of the greetings and kind invitations to the pleasant homes represented by that audience.

Add as I write this it brings to mind some touching words by Fannie Crosby.

"A few more sweet links broken.
A few more kind-words spoken,
Then we'll gather home,
A few more partings on the strand
And then away to cana's land
No more marching weary
When we gather home.

Were time and space allowable something might be written of an interesting gathering on one of the hotel porches where a visiting party of Campbelltonians, a president of the court, a member of the Legislature, and a superintendent of schools were prominent features.

Something ought to be mentioned as to how Capt. Fry appeared on the streets, attracting such attention as a conquering hero, might well be proud of as the word passes around, there goes a man that has killed hundreds of snakes and fired the last round of Confederate artillery under the orders of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

The stay of a few days at Mr. Curry's home, were restful and beneficial, using the mineral water found in the meadow and which is so abundant throughout the county—Arsenious Lithias. Such springs as, Bolar, in Virginia, Mappanetta, Driscoll, Huntersville and Dunmore, Pocahontas are among the choicest blessings ever conferred upon suffering humanity as I believe I have reason to think that by more than forty years experience and observation.

I was much impressed by the speaking likeness of Mrs. Lucy Curry that looks down so kindly at all who come into the company room that remains so much like it was when she went away. I hope there may be millions of ladies pure and good as Mrs. Curry, but none more so, as remembered by me. There was one lonely quiet hour while Mr. Curry was in the meadow scattering the grass of the 83d hay harvest that has come his way.

W. T. F.

Children's Home Society.

The Children's Home Society of West Virginia, is seeking homes for twenty boys from two to seven years old and a few little girls. The society was organized in 1896 and shortly afterwards Henry G. Davis gave them a home located in Charleston. Into this home have been gathered over three hundred homeless children, who, after a period of training have passed into the homes of generous people. The little ones are being admitted at the rate of five a month but homes are not found for their quite as fast, having in the temporary home from twenty to thirty-five continuously, boys and girls ranging from infants up to twelve years old.

These children are placed in well recommended homes on ninety days trial, after which trial arrangements are made for permanent retention provided the homes is pleased to keep the child as a permanent member of the family, otherwise the child is taken back by the society to its home in Charleston. Any one desiring to take one of the children will address State Sup't. N. O. Sowers, 1118 Washington street, Charleston, who will send the application and recommendation papers, which must be invariably be used in obtaining a child.

The qualifications of applicants are that they must be God fearing, Sabbath observing and church going people; must be financially able to school and provide for the child; must be sufficiently intelligent to know how a child should be raised, and must have a home of their own or its equivalent in business.

A Strange Accident.

One of the strangest accidents that ever occurred in this community was the one which caused the death of young Carl Fredeking at Greenbrier Springs, Sunday afternoon, Young Fredeking in company with a party of friends L. E. Dyke and wife, Will Haynes and Misses Pauline Brightwell, Florence Hiatt and Maggie Barksdale all of Hinton, were spending the day at the Springs. They left the hotel in the afternoon and went to the rocky gorge of Stony Creek about a mile distant. This is one of the most picturesque spots in this place, and young Fredeking and the young ladies were climbing upon the cliff above the pool for the group. He and Miss Hiatt were in front. When he reached the top of the cliff he slipped in some way and fell directly down into this pool a distance of not over ten feet. There were some slight bruises about his head but none of them of a serious nature. When he struck the water he sank instantly to the bottom and never again arose to the top or made a single struggle. The young ladies were so frightened that they could not tell how it did happen. Their screams brought up Mr. Dyke and Mr. Haynes and there was not a ripple nor a bubble to indicate where the unfortunate boy had fallen. The water was very muddy and immediate steps were taken to rescue the body. The hole of water was comparatively small one and there was one place in it about ten feet deep. Attorney T. N. Reed and brother Dr. Lee Reed of Baltimore, were near and ran there at once to assist. They each in turn dived into the pool but it was not for 30 or 35 minutes and after they had procured drag hooks that the young man was found in the bottom of this pool. His watch had stopped at 5:16.

Col. G. W. Patton died at his home in Charleston Friday morning from wounds received in a gas explosion in the vault of the Kanawha courthouse three weeks ago. For nearly forty years he has been identified with the lumbering operations in West Virginia, coming here from Pennsylvania. He was United States Marshall for the District of West Virginia under President Hayes for four years.

C. & O. train No. 3 Thursday narrowly escaped a serious wreck near St. Albans. A number of workmen were engaged in blasting on the hill above the track, and a blast was set off just as the train was passing. One immense boulder came crashing toward the train and struck the steps of one of the coaches smashing them, and came near throwing the train from the track. No one was injured but the passengers were given a bad scare.

Cliff Meigson feeling called upon to do the same in a spirit of fairness and to avoid a funeral in his own family, filled Charley Watson full of lead on Loup Creek a night or so ago and discouraged him so much that he died. Meigson says he shot in self defense, that it was simply a question to kill or get killed and that he took the affirmative of the debate and won the decision. He was held to the Grand Jury under a bond of \$1000.00.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL OF GOOD ROADS.

How the Apostle to the Split-log Drag is Revolutionizing the Road Mending of America

There is something startling in the statement that a drag made of a split log and costing only the price of a pocket-knife is the implement that is going to revolutionize the wagon roads of the country and save many millions of dollars to the rural population of the United States—yet I make this statement and put upon it all the emphasis of which I am capable.

"Downright absurd!" do you exclaim? I have had hundreds of farmers greet with jeers a less sweeping statement of the case—and then at home and prove to themselves its absolute correctness. Have you any idea of what it would mean to the people of the United States to change the bad wagon roads of the country into good roads? Such a revolution in transportation would climb so high into figures that the sum total would be absolutely strating and almost beyond comprehension. Not very long after I had made the first complete demonstration of the split-log method of road-making on my farm in Missouri, Col. G. W. Waters, Secretary of the Missouri Good Roads Association, said to me:

"If the road commissioners of the State of Missouri could stand here and see what I see, the result would be worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to this Commonwealth!"

It is impossible to express in figures even the most general estimate of the value of such a revolution even in road-making as must result from the general use of this new and "absurdly simple" method. However it is well to keep in mind the fact that in almost all States the mileage of common dirt roads is many times double that of macadamized or other expensive roads intended to be permanent.

In a state so long settled, so progressive and prosperous as Ohio for example, more than fifty per cent. of the roads are of earth and the interest shown by Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York and other eastern states in the work of the split-log drag indicates that the dirt road of these Commonwealths still constitutes a very important and perplexing element in the problem of transportation by team. Full ninety-nine per cent. of the highways of Missouri and Iowa are earth roads, and a state official of Iowa once said to me that to have fifteen per cent. of the main travelled roads of his State macadamized would be to realize the most ambitious dreams of those men of the State especially interested in improving the conditions of its highways.

So much by way of suggesting the size of the problem which the split-log drag has come to solve. What has already been accomplished, so far as the spread of the movement is concerned, may be put in few words: It has been backed and pushed by the Missouri Board of Agriculture; one railroad, the North-western, has sent out a "Good Roads Special"

for the purpose of evangelizing the farmers of its territory; other roads are eager to install the same kind of a broad-gauge, public-spirited campaign; thousands of miles of wagon roads have been permanently reclaimed from bad to good, and hundreds of meetings have been held in the nine States in which this gospel has been disseminated by means of practical demonstration. At these meetings thousands of persons have pledged themselves to make and to use a split log drag; hundreds if not thousands of dollars have been raised and offered in prizes for the best miles or half-miles of all roads, and most important of all, perhaps, the public sentiment of scores of communities has been stirred to self-respectingness and energy by this new gospel of "good roads without money."

Eight years ago I was devoting almost my entire time to my farm, three miles north from the little town of Maitland, Missouri. My interests demanded frequent travel over the road between my farmhouse and the village, and I always felt a keen resentment when bad roads made it difficult or impossible to drive to town—a state of things that was altogether too frequent.

A little investigation and experience demonstrated to me that this was by no means the result of indifference or inactivity on the part of our road commissioners. Then I reached the conviction that it was the fate of the farmer to spend \$1,500 to a mile for macadamized road or else travel in the mud in all periods of continued wet weather—which is to say a large proportion of the year. This conviction is almost universal among farmers who have really wrestled with the road problem and know from experience its difficulties.

However, this state of doubt and discouragement did not long continue, and I began to investigate and experiment in an irregular sort of way. Acting under this persistent impulse to experiment, I one day hitched my team to a drag made of a frost spoiled wooden pump stock and an old oak post, held parallel to each other by three pieces of fence boards about three feet long. Smooth wire served in place of a chain and a strip of plank laid between the post and pump stock gave me a rough platform upon which to stand.

The horses were attached at such a point of the wire as to give the drag a slant of forty-five degrees in the direction required to force the earth that it would gather from the side of the road up into the center. We had just had a soaking rain and the earth was in a plastic condition. I had driven this drag but a few rods when I was fully aware that it was serving at least the initial purpose for which it was intended—that of leveling down the wheel rut and pushing the surplus dirt into the center of the road.

At my neighbor's gate toward town, I turned around and took the other side of the road back to my home. The result was simply

(Continued on 4th page.)

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